

leeches my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to sucke.

Boy. And that's but vnwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farwell Hostesse.

Nim. I cannot kisse, that is the humor of it: but adieu.

Pist. Let Huswiferie appeare: keepe close, I thee command.

Hostesse. Farwell: adieu.

Flourish.

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine.

King. Thus comes the English with full power vpon vs, And more then carefully it vs concerns,

To answer Royally in our defences. Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine, Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth,

And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre

With men of courage, and with meanes defendant:

For England his approaches makes as fierce,

As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe.

It fits vs then to be as prouident,

As feare may teach vs, out of late examples

Left by the fatall and neglected English,

Vpon our fields.

Dolphin. My most redoubted Father,

It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe:

For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome,

(Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question)

But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,

Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,

As were a Warre in expectation.

Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth,

To view the sick and feeble parts of France:

And let vs doe it with no shew of feare,

No, with no more, then if we heard that England

Were busied with a Whitson Morris-dance:

For, my good Liege, there is so idly King'd,

Her Scepter so phantastically borne,

By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth,

That feare attends her not.

Const. O peace, Prince Dolphin,

You are too much mistaken in this King:

Question your Grace the late Embassadors,

With what great State he heard their Embassie,

How well supply'd with Noble Councillors,

How modest in exception; and withall,

How terrible in constant resolution:

And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent,

Were but the out-side of the Roman *Brutus*,

Couering Discretion with a Coat of Folly:

As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots

That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable.

But though we thinke it so, it is no matter:

In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh

The Enemy more mightie then he seemes,

So the proportions of defence are fill'd:

Which of a weake and niggardly proiection,

Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with scanting

A little Cloth.

King. Thinke we King Harry strong:

And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him.

The Kindred of him hath beene sleight vpon vs:

And he is bred out of that bloodie straine, That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes: Witnesse our too much memorable shame, When Cressy Battell fatall was stricke, And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales: Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne, Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare The Nature mightinesse and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Embassadors from Harry King of England, Doe craue admittance to your Maiestie.

King. Weele giue them present audience, Goe, and bring them.

You see this Chafe is hotly followed, friends.

Dolphin. Turne head, and stop pursuit: for coward Dogs

Most spend their mouths, whē what they seem to threaten

Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne

Take vp the English short, and let them know

Of what a Monarchie you are the Head:

Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne,

As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie:

He wills you in the Name of God Almighty,

That you deuote your selfe, and lay apart

The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen,

By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs

To him and to his Heires, namely the Crowne,

And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine

By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times,

Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know

'Tis no sinister, nor no awk-ward Clayme,

Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vanish'd dayes,

Nor from the dust of old Obliuion rakt,

He sends you this most memorable Lyne,

In euery Branch truly demonstratiue:

Willing you ouer-look this Pedigree:

And when you find him euenly deriu'd

From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors,

Edward the third; he bids you then resigne

Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held

From him, the Nature and true Challenger.

King. Or else what followes?

Exe. Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne

Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it.

Therefore in fierce Tempest is he comming,

In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Joue*:

That if requiring faile, he will compell.

And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,

Deliu' vp the Crowne, and to take mercie

On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre

Opens his vastie Iawes: and on your head

Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,

The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes,

For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers,

That shall be swallowed in this Controuersie.

This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message:

Voleffe the Dolphin be in presence here;

To whom expressly I bring greeting to.

King. For

King. For vs, we will consider of this further: To morrow shall you beare our full intent Back to our Brother of England.

Dolph. For the Dolphin,

I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorne and defiance, sleight regard, contempt,

And any thing that may not mis-become

The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.

Thus sayes my King: and if your Fathers Highnesse

Doe not in graunt of all demands at large,

Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maiestie;

He'll call you to so hot an Answer of it,

That Causes and Wombie Vaultages of France

Shall chide your Trespas, and returne your Mock

In second Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Say: if my Father render faire returne,

It is against my will: for I desire

Nothing but Oddes with England.

To that end, as marching to his Youth and Vanitie,

I did present him with the Paris-Balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louer shake for it,

Were it the Mistresse Court of mightie Europe:

And be assur'd, you'll find a difference,

As we his Subjects haue in wonder found,

Betweene the promise of his greener dayes,

And these he masters now: now he weighs Time

Euen to the vtmost Graine: that you shall reade

In your owne Losses, if he stay in France.

King. To morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Flourish.

Exe. Dispatch vs with all speed, least that our King

Come here himselfe to question our delay;

For he is footed in this Land already.

King. You shall be soone dispatcht, with faire conditions.

A Night is but small breathe, and little pawle,

To answer matters of this consequence.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Flourish. *Enter Chorus.*

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flies,

In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought.

Suppose, that you haue seene

The well-appointed King at Douer Peer,

Embarke his Royaltie: and his brave Fleet,

With silken Streamers, the young *Phebus* tanning;

Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,

Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;

Hear the shrill Whistle, which doth order giue

To sounds confus'd: behold the threaten Sayles,

Borne with th'inuisible and creeping Wind,

Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,

Breasting the lostie Surge. O, doe but thinke

You stand vpon the Riuaige, and behold

A Citie on th'inconstant Billowes dauncing:

For so appeares this Fleet Maiesticall,

Holding due course to Harflew. Follow, follow:

Grapple your minds to sterneage of this Naue,

And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, still,

Guarded with Grandfires, Babyes, and old Women,

Eyther past, or not arriv'd to pyth and puissance:

For who is he, whose Chin is but enricht

With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow Thee cull'd and choys'd drawne Cautaliers to France? Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege: Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages, With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew. Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes back: Tells Harry, That the King doth offer him Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie, Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes. The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner With Lynstock now the diuellish Cannon touches,

Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

And downe goes all before them. Still be kind, And eech out our performance with your mind. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester.

Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.

King. Once more vnto the Breach,

Deare friends, once more;

Or close the Wall vp with our English dead:

In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,

As modest stillnesse, and humilitie:

But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares,

Then imitate the action of the Tyger:

Stiffen the sinewes, commune vp the blood,

Disguise faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage:

Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect:

Let it pry through the portage of the Head,

Like the Brasse Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it,

As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke

O're-hang and iurty his confounded Base,

Swill'd with the wild and wastfull Ocean.

Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nosthrill wide,

Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp euery Spirit

To his full height. On, on, you Noblish English,

Whose blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-proafe:

Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*,

Haue in these parts from Morne till Euen fought,

And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.

Dishonour not your Mothers: now attest,

That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.

Be Coppy now to me of grosser blood,

And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,

Whose Lymes were made in England; shew vs here

The mettell of your Pasture: let vs sweare,

That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:

For there is none of you so meane and base,

That hath not Noble luster in your eyes.

I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips,

Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot:

Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,

Cry, God for Harry, England, and S. George.

Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too hot: and for mine owne part, I haue not a Case of Liues: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song of it.

Pist. The plaine-Song is most iust: for humors doe abound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vaffals drop and dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne immortall fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and safctie.

Pist. And